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Sailors Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY

76 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE, published monthly, besides articles on the sea, ships and seamen, represents the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and more briefly of kindred societies.

The Magazine is sent to single subscribers for One Dollar a year, payable in advance.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of the Magazine should always give both the old and new address, in full.

THE LIFE BOAT, an eight-page monthly paper, represents in Sunday Schools the Loan Library work of the Society. Sunday Schools contributing \$20 for a loan library receive fifty copies monthly for one year, postage prepaid.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND, containing matter suitable for seamen, is issued quarterly and distributed gratuitously among them. It is supplied to similar societies at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

Provided a request is sent annually for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, upon application, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the Magazine, gratuitously, should give annual notice of their desire for its continuance.

REMITTANCES.

Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for any other purpose, should be sent to No. 76 Wall Street, New York City, by P. O. Money Order, or check, or draft on New York, to the order of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, or money may be enclosed in a registered letter. Postmasters are now obliged to register letters at ten cents each when requested. If acknowledgments of remittances are not received by return mail, the Society should be notified at once.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time a Life Member. The payment of One Hundred Dollars at one time makes a Life Director.

FORM OF A REQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$——, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the formation of the will, should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he, at the same time, declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other signed their names thereto, as witnesses.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It is desired to correct the mail-list of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

LIFE DIRECTORS and LIFE MEMBERS are entitled to a free copy as long as they live.

Will some one of their surviving kinsmen at once notify this office if the Magazine continues to be sent to the names of deceased Life Directors and Life Members?

PASTORS of churches which take an annual collection for this Society are entitled to a free copy as long as the collection continues.

Will pastors whose churches have ceased to take such a collection notify this office of the fact ; or, better still, renew the collection and retain the free copy of the Magazine?

Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches, receiving a free copy of the Magazine, are reminded that a free copy is sent only to those who send an annual request for it.

Will they kindly notify this office at once, if they wish it continued for the coming year?

Donors of \$20 for loan libraries or of \$20 for the general work of the Society are also reminded that they are entitled to the Magazine for one year only, provided an application is sent for it.

In view of changes of residence, the decease of subscribers, &c., will the receiver of this Magazine kindly mail a postal card at once to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, 76 Wall Street, New York, giving the full name and address of the sender, indicating that the Magazine is desired and received.

To subscribers the Magazine is mailed prepaid for one dollar per annum, payable in advance.



Vol. 76,

JANUARY, 1904.

No. 1.

[For The Sailors' Magazine.]

THE ANCHOR OF HOPE.

Heb. vi: 19.

O strong! O holy Son of God! enthroned within the veil,
We bless Thee for this hope divine that will not fail.
We own Thee as our great High Priest, and bow before Thy Throne;
We flee "for refuge to lay hold" on Thee alone.

Our Anchor holds; our souls have peace; the harbor is secure;
Bright Hope leads on to Heaven's glad day, its joys allure.
In steadfast trust may we abide until we gain that shore,
To dwell in blest, eternal calm for evermore.

MARY NEWTON BLISS.

DEAD CALMS.

We pray against the tempest and the strife,
The storm, the whirlwind, and the troublous hour,
Which vex the fretful element of life.
Me rather save, O dread dispensing Power,
From these dead calms, that flat and hopeless lull,
In which the dull sea rots around the bark,
And nothing moves save the sure creeping dark
That slowly settles o'er an idle hull.

OWEN MEREDITH.

THE HARBOR LIGHT.

How welcome o'er the sea that night
 The twinkle of the harbor light;
 A star that trembled on the foam
 With beams of life and dreams of home.
 The bells rang o'er the tossing bars—
 The white sails dipped beneath the stars;
 But fairer than all stars of night
 The harbor light—the harbor light!

O sailors singing in the spars
 A merry challenge to the stars!
 O captain, at whose glad command
 Our brave ship leans toward the land!
 Within fare vine-clad cots of white
 Love hears the sea-bells in the night;
 Swift as a seagull's be our flight
 Toward the light—the harbor light!

And swift we sped from storm and gloom
 To smiling shores of light and bloom;
 The sorrow of the voyage past
 Sang in the joy of home at last!
 Home! where the ships in shelter rest;
 Home! where the light, the love, is best.
 Over the plunging seas of night
 Love's blessing in the harbor light.

O ships that in the darkness roam,
 Sweet sing the harbor bells of home;
 Though far the shore, the voyage long,
 The dark will drift to morning song;
 The bells sing o'er the tossing bars—
 The sails bend sure beneath the stars;
 Still—still the distant shore we sight
 And again the light—the harbor light!
 —*Atlanta Constitution.*

BOXING THE COMPASS.

Jack's ol' boat's hauled up fer winter,
 An' the trawls is stowed away,
 An' he's mighty glad to listen
 While the nor' wind hez its say;
 But the lads 'll gather round him,
 Fer a story er a song,
 An' ter heern him box the compass
 When the nights is dark an' long.

Roarin' fire's good for suthin'
 When the winds is howlin' roun',
 An' the chimbley's whistlin' sea-songs,
 An' the snow is beatin' down;
 Winter evenin' 's good fer suthin'
 With a story an' a song,
 An' Jack boxin' of the compass
 When the nights is dark an' long.

Lots o' comfort, when ye're knowin'
 Jack's ter home, all safe, an' soun',
 An' his lines, an' hooks, an' dory
 Lays all snug an' weather-boun';
 Nothin' like defyin' winter
 With a story an' a song,
 An' ter hev Jack box the compass
 When the nights is dark an' long.

Fill the kitchen stove with driftwood,
 Make the darkest corners bright,
 Fer a storm booms up the harbor,
 An' the winds is bleak to-night;
 An' the children is a-lissenin'
 Fer a story er a song,
 An' to heern Jack box the compass
 When the nights is dark an' long.

F. W. HULT.

The Secretary is ready to preach in any church in behalf of this Society, to explain its work to the King's Daughters, to the Society of Christian Endeavor, to Monthly Concerts of Prayer, to Sunday Schools, to parlor meetings. Write to him at No. 76 Wall Street, New York.

WHAT IS A LOAN LIBRARY?

Into a neat case, 13 x 26 inches, are put about forty-three well selected volumes; books of biography, of travel and adventure, of popular science, of history, of story, of religion. Into each library goes a Bible, an atlas, a dictionary, several books in German, Danish, Swedish, and some other language.

GROWTH OF THE LOAN LIBRARY WORK.

As a systematic work it began in 1858-9. Up to December 1, 1903, this Society has sent out 11,079 new libraries, containing 597,772 volumes. As most libraries go out three times or more, there have been 13,421 reshipments. By first shipment and reshipment these books have been accessible to 428,009 seamen.

One thousand and seventy-four libraries, with 39,249 volumes, have been put on United States Naval vessels and in Naval Hospitals, accessible to 128,813 men.

One hundred and sixty-two libraries have been put in as many Life-Saving Stations, containing 6,333 volumes, accessible to 1,327 keepers and surfmen.

Counting both shipped and reshipped libraries and only the working days and striking an average, about two libraries a day have been sent to sea since 1858.

WHO GIVE LOAN LIBRARIES?

Churches, Sunday Schools, Societies of Christian Endeavor, the Shut-in Society, and similar organizations; also individuals, in their own names, in the names of others, often in memory of deceased kindred and friends.

Special bequests are made in wills for loan library work.

HOW LONG IS A LIBRARY AT SEA?

Before its first return, about a year and a half; sometimes four, five, six years; and in many instances much longer. Vessels often go from port to port, changing crews at each port, so that the same library may be read by several crews before it is returned. Every volume is kept in service somewhere, until worn out or lost.

HOW DO WE HEAR FROM THEM?

Into each library-case is put a printed form with questions to be answered in writing. Difficult as it is to get these forms filled and returned, enough letters are written by captains, mates, and seamen to assure donors of the usefulness of their gifts. The information received is sent to donors and is published in brief in the LIFE BOAT, an eight-page paper, of which fifty copies monthly are sent free for one year to Sunday Schools contributing a library. A statement of new libraries issued is sent quarterly to each donor of a library within the quarter. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE (at one dollar per annum) publishes every month extracts from letters from officers or seamen who have read the books.

WHAT DO LOAN LIBRARIES ACCOMPLISH?

They relieve the tedium of sea-life; improve the ship's discipline; promote the observance of the Sabbath; foster a taste for good reading; build up the moral life and advance the cause of temperance. The religious books quicken the spiritual life of Christian seamen, and are made the means of bringing men to Christ in all parts of the world, reaching them when they are most open to serious impressions. They are often accompanied by the earnest prayers of the donors.

HOW TO SEND A LIBRARY?

Inclose Twenty Dollars in check or P. O. Money Order, to the order of the Treasurer of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, P. O. Box 604, 76 Wall Street, New

York City, giving the name and post-office address of the contributor. Then the number of the library will be registered and assigned to the donor, who will be notified of the vessel on which it is placed, its destination, the name of the captain, and the number of the crew.

The SAILORS' MAGAZINE (monthly) is sent free, post-paid for one year, *when requested*, to donors of at least \$20 to the general objects of the Society, and to donors of \$20 for a Loan Library.

OTHER WORK FOR SEAMEN.

The Society's main work is in aid of thirty-nine chaplains in thirty-four ports of the world. Their reports in the SAILORS' MAGAZINE gladden the hearts of Christians and philanthropists. Temporary aid is given to shipwrecked and destitute sailors.

The Society solicits subscriptions from individuals, collections in churches of all denominations and legacies in wills.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

All correspondents, including missionaries, are requested to address their communications to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and not to its officers, personal letters of course excepted.

Now and then this Society sends sailors suffering from tuberculosis to the government Marine Hospital at Fort Stanton, New Mexico. One of these writes to Capt. Appleby, former lessee of the Sailors' Home, declaring his improvement in health, and adding "I am deeply thankful to you and the gentlemen in Wall Street for what you did for me. " After a full description of the place he says "We are treated just like Senators, and the person who has a kick to make about the treatment or place does not know he is alive."

Referring to the greatness of the work to be done for seamen, Bishop Potter said to laymen of the Episcopal Church, "Make your rector uncomfortable until he takes a collection for it every year. Prod him gently at first, but keep at him persistently until he does it." Is not this good advice to all laymen? Prod pastors and especially church officers who control pastors in the matter of church collections. The bishop was pleading for a local work in the port of New York, maintained by the local Episcopal Church. Let the prodding be rough and sharp, if needs be, to awaken all denominations to the importance of taking collections for the interdenominational AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

That which in the end stings like an adder does not deserve the fragrant wreaths and festive words which betoken the glad heart.

Satan, who can appear as an angel of light, invests Satanic things with romance and song. It is wise to strip his disguise both from him and the things he garnishes with his own brilliant deceit. Over his glass of liquor let the sailor see the degradation and death it means, and then the sparkle will fade away and the song die on the lip. As he enters the saloon blazing with lights, let the outer darkness to which it leads draw him back from the tempting cup. As he follows the siren voice of the strange woman, let him hear the truer voice crying to him "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." See the devil in the drink, see the devil in unlawful love, sailormen, and see him most plainly when he makes these things seem the most attracting and entrancing.

Mr. Isaac Townsend Smith, a nonogenarian, writes to his octogenarian friend, Capt. Schroeder, as follows :

My dear Captain: I had the pleasure of receiving the SAILORS' MAGAZINE containing your interesting account of the ships of the former day "that have passed," and have read it with delight. The origin of the clipper ship as you have given it quite agrees with my ideas upon the subject.

The picturesqueness of a ship or other craft with sails skimming the sea is nearly lost to us, and in place thereof machines, and in place of seamen and officers now stokers and engineers—all so expressive of the hurry and worry of the present time. I part with all the old with reluctance, and like to read and hear about those famous vessels. Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

ISAAC TOWNSEND SMITH.

When the holidays are over and the annual presents made to kindred and friends, why not think of a gift to this Society? To those of moderate means a loan library is suggested. Your fireside book will be all the more enjoyed if you know that you have put books into the hands of men at sea who have no fireside comforts after the day's toils and exposure. To those of larger means are suggested contributions to the Society's general work. The thirty-nine laborers in thirty-four ports can be wisely increased. More money means more workmen, and more workmen in this peculiar field means the rescue of more men from vice and sin and their transfer to the host that wars on sin and vice. Give us large sums for current needs,—and, if you are thinking of endowment, let us have three millions, which at present rates of interest would mean only ninety thousand dollars per annum.

The Sailors' Home, as our readers are aware, was taken from this Society by the City of New York as an anchorage for the Manhattan

Bridge. The loss of the Home does not stop for a moment the work done for the shipwrecked and destitute; it merely compels us to find safe boarding houses for them, and to send them to an honest dealer in sailors' clothing, and to pay the bills according to our custom. Take some examples from April 1 to December 1:

On April 27 three men saved from the schooner *Margaret Ward* were sent to a boarding house; from this vessel one of the crew and two of the captain's children were drowned. On April 30 two men were clothed.

On May 22 a man who lost all his clothing in the wreck of the S. S. *Saginaw* was clothed. On May 25 a young sailor who lost a foot on board a vessel was cared for for nine days and received \$3.75, when he was admitted to the Sailors' Snug Harbor for life.

On June 13 two men from the dismasted schooner *Paul Scovey* were aided with money while they sued for wages withheld. On the same date one dollar was given to a man to redeem his bag from a steamboat which held it for storage. On June 15 a shipwrecked man received clothing and his passage to Boston. On June 30 a sailor got oilskins and rubber boots.

On July 3 another got clothing; on July 7 a man got oilskins and dungarees. On July 7 a man was aided and many times thereafter, in the expectation of getting him into the Sailors' Snug Harbor. The practice of the office is to be helpful to those who have a prospect of entering this noble harbor for broken-down seamen, because it ends their struggles for a precarious living. On July 16 a sick sailor received board, on July 17 another got clothes, on July 22 a man who had lost his bag received a partial outfit; on July 23 a sick man was provided for in a boarding house. On July 31 nine stranded men were sent to Philadelphia.

On August 31 the first and second mate and five seamen of the wrecked schooner *Henry P. Mason* received necessary clothing. The officers and crew of this vessel were compelled to abandon her on the Jersey coast in a fearful storm and spent a night of horror in the yawl. They were rescued in the morning after a fierce struggle with the sea. On August 31 came a sailor from the U. S. consul at Southampton, Eng.; he had been months in a hospital in London; money for food was given him and he was sent to Boston.

Another came on September 8 from the U. S. consul at Barbados, discharged sick, and was sent to New Bedford. On September 11 a consumptive English sailor was sent home as a passenger, the St. George's Society contributing \$14 and this Society \$14. On September 19 a sailor was sent to Philadelphia. On September 27 two sea-

men, wrecked in the bark *Blandina P.*, were sent to Washington, D. C. On September 22 two men whose clothes were in a libelled vessel were in part supplied. On September 28 a wrecked seaman was fitted out with clothing. On September 30 a sailor was partially supplied with clothes.

On October 17 four of the crew taken off the wrecked schooner *J. B. Holden* by the life-savers were supplied with clothing. On October 19 the steward and two of the seamen of the wrecked schooner *Mabel Rose* received clothes. On October 21 five men of the wrecked schooner *Nellie W. Howlett* received clothes and another was sent to Providence, R. I. On October 24 a man from the wrecked schooner *Ed. T. Sterling* was fed and sent to Baltimore. On October 26 seventy-five cents was given to an assaulted sailor who needed to be tided over a day or two. On October 27 a man was sent to Philadelphia. On October 28 two men picked up, one from the wrecked barge *Georgie* and the other from the barge *Ocean Belle*, were sent to Providence and received a little money. The men had lost all. A captain and one sailor were drowned.

On November 4 an order for clothing was given to a shipwrecked man from the schooner *Post Boy*. The crew escaped ashore over the main boom. On November 5 help was given to a steward whose tears fortified his request. He had walked the streets at night because his credit was exhausted at the boarding house. On November 6 the steward of the wrecked schooner *Nellie W. Howlett* was sent to Philadelphia. On November 9 two men from the wrecked schooner *Benj Russell* were supplied with necessary clothing; they had lost all. On the same date five dollars was loaned to a German sailor to pay to a German surgeon connected with the German army a fee to obtain papers showing his exemption from military service in Germany, which were essential to his obtaining a legacy of 4,000 marks, without which he would receive but 1,000. Altogether \$21 was given to this man, who returned every penny of it when his legacy was received. On November 10 three of the crew of the bark *S. H. Nickerson*, wrecked off Turks Island, received three days' board and an outfit of clothes. They abandoned the sinking vessel and rowed to Maraguna Island, and were brought to New York on the S. S. *Altai*. On November 12 two more of the same crew received necessary clothing. On November 16 sent a sailor to New Bedford. On the same date a sailor's wash was secured for him. On November 17 a sailor was sent to Boston. On November 17 a seaman who had been about six weeks in the hospital at Kobe, Japan, because of injuries inflicted by a mate, was sent by the American consul to New York and by us to the gov-

ernment hospital for treatment and then taken care of in a boarding house. On November 23 a seaman was tided over for a day or two. On November 24 three men who had exhausted their means in trying to ship were helped both with money and cooperation. On November 30 a man whose vessel had left him behind was sent to rejoin it at Philadelphia.

The death of Russell W. McKee removes a faithful director of the New York Port Society and a good friend and annual contributor to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Mr. McKee for more than half a century had been a noted worker in the Sunday School cause. The Church and its charities will miss him, for he gave both himself and his money to them. To have known such men is one of the pleasures of a secretary's office, and one of its pains is to see how few follow in their benevolent footsteps.

"O God, to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train!"

LOAN LIBRARIES. The master of the schooner *H. H. Kitchner* writes of No. 9,096 :

I have had it for two years and it has been enjoyed very much by myself and about eighty men that I have carried. I have taken as good care of the books as I could; thanking you very much for the loan of it.

The master of the brig *Gabrielle* writes of No. 10,398 :

For the past five years the books have been used and appreciated by all on board; thanking you for use of same.

The mate of the bark *Savonia* writes of No. 10,541 :

On a voyage to Mauritius and Africa the books have been used and appreciated by all on board. Thanking you and the donors who remember us at sea.

The master of the schooner *John T. Williams* writes of No. 10,563 :

Your library is just all right; it is very interesting to our sailors. I find it is the best thing that can be put on board to make cheerful hearts and cool heads. After we read your books it makes us feel good, and we cannot have too many of your good books. Our lives are somewhat miserable at times, and we like to have something to cheer our hearts. We feel to give to you our many thanks for what you have done in this work.

The master of the schooner *E. C. Knight, Jr.*, writes of No. 10,705 :
The books have been used by all.

The master of the schooner *Atrato* writes of No. 10,873 :

Enclosed please find one dollar for missionary work. Will you kindly send me another library; the last one I had on board three voyages and was read by myself and crew and much appreciated by all on board, the beautiful books being both interesting and instructive.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

I always put a copy of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE in the cabin of every ship and it is much appreciated by captains and officers.—*W. S. Fletcher, Portland, Ore.*

Its pages are very interesting.—*Rev. F. J. Stanley, D.D., Atlantic City, N. J.*

SAILORS' MAGAZINE much appreciated. I take many points from its articles and letters which help make me useful to our mission here.—*Rev. Geo. P. Howard, Montevideo.*

It furnishes the most absorbing reading and deserves a place in every library, public or private.—*The Observer.*

It is full of information and encouragement.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

A publication that is thoroughly enjoyed by the sailor.—*Annual Report of Seamen's Christian Association.*

The best of its kind in the world.—*Rev. H. F. Lee, Philadelphia.*

It is really the best sailors' periodical that comes into my hands.—*F. E. Havens, Bombay.*

It is always a bright little magazine, one that has a nautical scent about it.—*Dr. W. T. Grenfell.*

The interests which this magazine represents are so important, and it itself is so instructive, so entertaining, and in all respects so ably edited, that it ought to be circulated widely throughout our churches. We are thankful that so great and yet so generally overlooked a cause as that of the sailors has an organ at once so wise, so winning, so thoroughly evangelical. May it secure for them the Christian sympathy and care which they so much need and which the advancement of the kingdom of Christ so urgently requires that they should have. Let a sailor be converted and he must become a missionary.—*Princeton Theological Review.*

The SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND are both treasures of the deep, opening up to seamen possibilities of boundless treasures in God's ocean of love.—*C. L. Terry, Port Townsend.*

It is an indispensable periodical.—*Rev. H. Martin Kellogg, Ekonk, Conn.*

The above are a few of many kind words uttered and written. Let them result in numerous subscriptions. Only one dollar per annum.

[For The Sailors' Magazine.]

SOME WOMEN OF FALMOUTH.

BY ANTOINETTE P. JONES.

In the good old days when Falmouth men sailed the seas over, and even in one family could be found six brothers, all master mariners, it was little wonder that the sympathies of the women of the town should find expression in the organization of a Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society.

There are to-day no members known to be living. Mrs. Harriet H. Gifford was its faithful secretary. From 1845 to 1859 this society, judging by its correspondence preserved, appears to have done most devoted work for the sailors. During this time, under the ministry of the Rev. H. B. Hooker, D.D., frequent meetings were conducted by him in the interest of seamen.

Before the quick transference of our gifts by check and mail, in the slower stage-coach days of 1845, Mrs. (Capt.) J. C. Lincoln carried the contribution of the Falmouth Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society to Boston when she went on a visit to her brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Lincoln. The appended letter is the response to the gift:

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 14, 1845.

Mrs. (J. C.) LINCOLN.

I have the pleasure to acknowledge through your brother, Henry Lincoln, Esq., thirty-seven dollars, as a donation from the Falmouth Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, to aid in furnishing the new Sailors' Home. This sum, together with the bedding which your society has already forwarded to the Home, will be sufficient to furnish one of the lodging rooms to bear the name of "Falmouth";

and hope hereafter these ladies associated with you in this work will be disposed to supply it with such articles as it may need from time to time.

You will be pleased to present to your society our thanks for this expression of their interest in our work and for their sympathy for the sailor. The Home is a noble institution, and we intend that it shall be all that its name purports—that in it the wandering sailor shall find a true home—a home where he shall meet the sympathy and kindness of his own home.

You will be pleased to extend an invitation to the ladies of your society to call and see the Home whenever any of them may visit the city.

Very truly yours,

DANIEL M. LORD.

The letterhead bears the cut of the "New" Sailors' Home, 99 Purchase Street, Boston, a substantial brick building which replaced, in 1845, a wooden building of the date of 1836. The reconstruction following the fire of 1872 renders the exact site uncertain, but it was in the North End, on the southern slope of Fort Hill, and overlooked Fort Point Channel.

August 21, 1850, the ladies sent another contribution to their "Falmouth" room.

BOSTON, Mass., August 21, 1850.

Mrs. HARRIET H. GIFFORD.

The box containing the articles sent by the Falmouth Seamen's Friend Society for the use of the room "Falmouth" in the Sailors' Home, has just come to hand. Receive our thanks and please tender them to your society for

your kind interest in behalf of the sailor.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN O. CHANY,

Supt. Sailors' Home.

This "New" Home was burned in 1853, but in 1854 was built a new and larger Home. Ninety towns by societies, churches and individuals, contributed to its ninety-four rooms.

Then comes the letter of 1859, showing their continued effort, but closing their labors for the Home in Boston; and closing their record.

BOSTON, Mass., May 6, 1859.

Mrs. HARRIET H. GIFFORD.

Madam: Your esteemed favor is received, together with the case containing four pairs of sheets, five pairs pillow cases, and two quilts, from your Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, a very liberal and acceptable donation, for which accept our thanks.

Mrs. Chany tells me that the ladies of Falmouth have ever remembered to keep their room supplied with everything necessary.

May God in His goodness richly reward you for your kind sympathy for the men who go down to the sea.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN O. CHANY,

For the Boston S. F. Soc'y.

The interest of the women was by no means localized near home, but their gifts went abroad, through the extensive work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, constituting their good pastor a Life Director in that society, by their gift of \$50.00.

OFFICE OF THE

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

82 Wall Street.

NEW YORK, September 8, 1848.

To the Ladies of the Falmouth Seamen's Friend Society, Falmouth, Mass.

Dear Friends: Your timely donation

of thirty dollars—the same being sufficient with twenty previously given to constitute your pastor a Life Director—has just been put into my hands by him, (Rev. H. B. Hooker). It could not have come at a better time as we needed it to meet a draft from our excellent chaplain, the Rev. Geo. B. Loomis, in China.

It gives me sincere pleasure to acknowledge your gift, and heartfelt joy to record the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. For some interesting facts illustrative of His goodness, for the want of time to write them, I must refer you to the October number of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE. And, lo! these are but parts of His ways. What disclosures of souls renewed, and sins forgiven among our brethren of the sea, and through our humble instrumentality, may be made at the last day! The Lord enable us to do our duty. He will take care of the results.

"Salute Tryphosa and Tryphena who labor in the Lord. Salute the beloved Persis, which labored much in the Lord."

Very truly yours,

J. SPAULDING,

Secretary, etc.

Rev. H. B. Hooker, D.D., was later Secretary of the American Board, I think, until his death. His daughter is Mrs. Sarah B. Capron, many years a missionary in Madura, India. He used to have regular seamen's meetings.

The friendship with New Englanders in the Sandwich Islands, and acquaintance with the need at Honolulu, caused the ladies to send gifts of money and furnishings to the Sailors' Home.

Note the dates, that the letter was two months going.

HONOLULU, January 2, 1856.

Much esteemed friend: Yours of November 2 was duly received and I embrace the earliest opportunity to reply. It affords myself and the "Trustees"

much encouragement to receive such communications as yours.

We have entered upon an arduous undertaking. To start a Home in the Pacific at the Sandwich Islands is a very different affair from undertaking a similar enterprise in older countries.

And yet our encouragement is greater than we had reason to expect.

The idea of calling certain rooms after certain towns strikes our "Trustees" very favorably. Our rooms are not ready as yet for furniture, but we expect they will be next summer.

Some rooms may be furnished for \$30, others for \$50, and others for \$100, as they are large and will accommodate several lodgers.

The expense of a single bed will fall below that of a single bed in the United States, as we need only summer bedding. We shall want pillow cases, sheets for single beds, towels, blankets, etc. We shall procure our mattresses here. Should you have articles to forward, or money, please send both to the Seamen's Rooms in New York, or to Mr. Hunnewell, our agent in Boston.

I shall always be glad to correspond with your society, and shall place your name on the list of gratuitous subscribers for the *Friend*.

I think you will be interested in glancing over the copy of the *Folio* which I shall send.

Yours truly,

S. C. DAMON.

HONOLULU, Sept. 28, 1856.

"Sailors' Home."

To Mrs. H. H. GIFFORD,

Falmouth, Mass.

Much esteemed friend: By the last number of the *Friend*, a copy of which accompanies this letter, you will learn that the donation of your society has been received. A room called the "Falmouth" has already been set apart, and is already occupied. One inmate is a man by the name of Russell, from New

Bedford, and a Lambert, from Martha's Vineyard.

The bedding, etc., per *Messenger Bird*, has not yet arrived.

It is a matter of no small amount of rejoicing that the Home has started under such favorable auspices. More than a dozen have already become inmates of the Home. I feel confident that the Home will succeed. It is doing good even now. The inmates are brought under excellent influences. The manager is an English Wesleyan Methodist, a quiet, judicious and good man.

Mrs. Strum is fully competent to oversee the domestic arrangements.

I am hoping that your effort will induce other ladies in other ports to do likewise.

Please remember me most kindly to the Rev. Mr. Hooker. I recollect to have met him in New Bedford in the fall of 1851 during a flying visit which I made that year to that part of Massachusetts.

It will always afford me great pleasure to correspond with you and the ladies of your society.

Most respectfully yours,

SAM'L C. DAMON.

This reply, with modern appearing envelope, and stamp, previous letters having been folded and sealed, was mailed October 8, again remailed November 5, at San Francisco, probably coming via the Isthmus route, one more month till it reached Falmouth. The envelope bears a large stamp, "Ship 12."

All hail! women of Falmouth,—the "Tryphenas" and "Tryphosas,"—all "who labored much in the Lord."

The father waited many a long-ing day for the prodigal son's return; but the prodigal had not to wait one single moment for the father's welcome.

THE SAILOR—HIS PAST AND PRESENT.

BY JOHN HOPKINS DENISON.

Address given at Central Church, Boston, April, 1903, before the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society.

It is a thrilling experience to stand upon the deck of a ship passing outward over the placid blue waters of the Mediterranean toward the Atlantic. Over those smooth waters the fleets of the nations have passed and repassed: the Carthaginians with their cargoes of purple and spices, the Greek triremes, their oars smiting the water with rhythmic beat; the iron galleys of Rome sweeping onward to conquer the world; the rakish pirates of Africa with their slanting sails of brown. It is a well-worn pathway for them all. As the ship moves onward, one sees the two vast converging walls. On the one hand the jagged mountain peaks of Africa scantily covered with green; on the other the rounded hills of sunny Spain. Nearer they come and nearer, the wall of Africa and the wall of Europe, which form the boundary of the world. And there, at last, before you stands on one side the great rock of Gibraltar, and on the other, old Atlas, hoary-headed and huge. These are the pillars of Hercules, that from ages immemorial have guarded the gateway of the world. Thus far is the world of men, well-known to all, where fleets pass to and fro. Beyond is the vast unknown; the great boundless deep, which is beyond the world, where lie the Islands of the Dead. Those great pillars, in the course of ages, have looked down upon fleet after fleet that has come as far as their gateway, and gazed out upon that vast interminable sea and heard its roaring

breakers and seen its lowering storm clouds, and has turned back, overawed, filled with a superstitious dread, into the known ways of the world. One cannot help feeling the terror of that vast unknown ocean that must have gripped the hearts of the sailors of old.

And then, one day, a tiny ship was flung out between those portals like a gage in the teeth of old Oceanus. A little band of men, courageous of heart and determined in soul, set forth into the great unknown to seek out its mystery, or perish. How much hung upon the stanchness of that little ship; upon the courage and patience in the great heart of that sailor of old. This has been the function of the seamen of the past, to dare great things, to reach out into realms unknown, and bring back priceless treasures; to do that from which the common man shrank in terror; to open new worlds to the knowledge of man; to reveal new chapters in the history of science and history. Who shall estimate the daring of those Viking crews that, in their long, lean, dragon boats, swept over the icy northern seas with the rhythmic beat of oars and the splash of diamond foam, with the glitter of silver shields hung along the side, or with great wing of white spread aloft, raced foaming through the breakers from the known out into the unknown; a fragile bubble blown by the breath of man out into limitless space.

All the commerce and the large part of the knowledge of to-day

we owe to these brave adventurers of olden times. Not only that, but, in large measure, we owe the position which the Anglo-Saxon race now holds in the world to the deeds of her sailors in times past.

Wonderful days were those when England was threatened by enemies on every side; when Spain like a vast giant overshadowed the world, and held all its commerce in his hand. Elizabeth was about to earn peace by a dastardly betrayal of the Netherlands, shortened in her resources, and helpless against the vast riches of Spain.

How it reads like a romance, the deeds of that great adventurer, Sir Francis Drake. We can almost see his sudden descent upon the treasure house of the Spanish king, *Nombre de Dios*, his pinacles lying concealed in the shadows of the night waiting the signal of attack, hearing only the booming of the surf on the beach and the cry of the watchman at his post; then the sudden sweep out into the clear moonlight, the straining of every sinew in the race to beat the Spanish boat, which had detected them, to the shore. The rush of that band of boys (for there was but one of them over thirty) into the midst of an armed and fortified town, carrying everything before them, until they stood at last in the storehouse, and saw glimmering before them, in the torchlight, a vast pile of silver bars, enough to sink a ship. We can see how, as he saw their astonishment, Drake laughed and said, "Trouble not with this silver. There is treasure here beside which that is but ballast." We can see them pressing on to the king's treasure-house, and, then, as they find themselves surrounded by soldiers, we can see the men flinch and start to turn back.

We can see Drake urge them on, and when, at first, they refuse to go, start forward himself to enter the building where lie untold treasures of gold and jewels, heaped up in piles, and even as he comes to the door, he falls to the earth, and, as they look, they find that every footstep has been marked in blood. For in the first assault he was wounded so severely that no ordinary man could have stood upon his feet.

We see him again, sweeping the mysterious southern sea, with its balmy breezes; darting into one Spanish port after another, capturing her great galleons loaded to the water's edge with pearls and emeralds and gold. A mysterious character this sailor, before whom the proudest sons of English noblemen stood hat in hand, who carried with him an orchestra of violins to accompany his meals with music, and a whole outfit of map makers to plot out each coast and harbor. We see him crossing from Peru to California, from California to the Philippines, thence through the Moluccas, and, at last with his vast treasure, we find him run aground upon a coral reef. There, like a gallant knight and sailor, he takes the sacraments with his men, expecting instant death, and then, "a soft breeze," as the chronicler says, "like the breath of Christ," lifted them from the reef, and wafted them home in safety.

And so this one great sailor singed the beard of the Spanish king in his harbor of Cadiz; smote the great Armada; broke the power of Spain, and cut off her resources, until she was left bankrupt, and left the Anglo-Saxons thenceforward supreme upon the sea. The Catholic supremacy in the new continent was over-

thrown, the power of the vast Roman Empire, which was to embrace the whole world, was broken, and English Protestantism reigned in its place.

Those were the days of romance, when the sailor's life offered the greatest opportunities that the world could give. It is from such men as these that the hardy old salts of the New England coast were descended. Since then there have been vast changes. The romance of the sailor's life is nearly gone; though, as he travels through the strange ports of the Orient, the simple man from the New England village finds a realm of mysterious attraction which other boys only dream of as they read Aladdin's page.

The sailor's life to-day has two main branches; commerce and war. Since the introduction of steam power and mechanical engines, there is no necessity for such a crew as the old clipper ships demanded. This is an age which tends to make men into machines or else to use them simply to operate machines. Yet the sailor's life is still one of peculiar opportunities, and of special service to the world. Without him its commerce would cease. He makes possible for us the comforts and luxuries with which the life of each man is surrounded to-day. Upon his faithfulness depend the lives of many of our dear ones, and, in many instances, our own. He has certain especial privileges, as well as responsibilities. It means much to be away from the noise and the dirt of the great cities, from the narrow and selfish ways of men, out on the boundless sea, with the heaving blue waves beneath and the fair blue sky above, with nothing near that is petty or small. It must give a man an insight in the

heart of nature to climb aloft and reef a sail when the ship is plunging from wave to wave, and the mast sweeping in great circles, bending now to the sea and rising again, while the wind shrieks through the ropes, and the black thunder storm is sweeping on. One must gain a supreme realization of the vast powers of nature, and of the almighty God, in whose hand we rest. And so it is characteristic of a sailor that he should be more than other men simple and child-like, a son of nature. This is his gain from his employment.

But if by his employment the sailor gains a knowledge of the world of nature, such as few other men have, he loses those things which are most precious to them. There is one thing to which we are only too often blind, and that is our duty to men of abnormal employment. In this age they are an increasing number; they are serving us and they are making possible our existence. Without them the quiet harmony of our lives would be seriously inconvenienced. Yet our tendency is to regard them purely as machines. Their whole lives are in a certain sense being offered up as a sacrifice for our benefit, and it is nothing to us. If the sailor performs his duty, what is it to us whether he has a soul or not? We live in an age of individualism, where each man regards only his own comfort. We feel little responsibility for the welfare of the human machines whose lives are rendered barren, devoid of inspiration, and hence often immoral by the service they render.

The sailor misses the influences of home. It is not surprising that, spending his life away from the society of womankind, and herd-

ed in with the worst sort of men, even the most refined boy should gradually become coarsened and hardened. If he forms ties on the shore by marriage, he is cut off from his home so much that he can never be either a true husband or father, and its ties are only more or less of a misery, both to him and his family.

Another thing which the sailor loses is the restraint of public opinion. When he lands in a foreign port there is no one there whom he has ever seen before. He is half wild with having been cooped up in narrow quarters for weeks. Dance halls and saloons are open on every hand. Temptations are ready to lure him by every sort of fascination into evil, and there is not one of those checks that holds many an unformed character here straight and true. What wonder that he goes to pieces! One of the great characteristics of the life of the sea is, therefore, its instability. The sailor is simple and childlike, and therefore easily influenced. He is thrown into the worst influences in the world, without the protection or support of those restraining forces that make men strong. The sailor's life must be unstable. If he is cut off from home and public opinion, he is also cut off from all the inspiring ideals and uplifting fellowship of the church. He believes in God, as all men do in the hour of danger, but, under ordinary circumstances, he despises and hates the church, and it is the last place to which he will go. He is the prey of thieves and gamblers. I myself have seen sailors drugged and robbed in the streets of New York in plain daylight. I have had a sailor brought to my house stripped of all his clothing but his undergarments. All because he

goes first to the saloon, which is open to receive him, and distrusts the church, which should be his safeguard and asylum. Even when I have been trying to help sailors, I have heard them curse ministers and the church with every strange oath they could muster. Now it is certainly our duty, as members of human society, to see that, so far as possible, the loss of these men, who are our servants, is made good to them; to supply to them, as far as we can, those elements of home and public opinion and religion, for the lack of which their lives are so barren and in such terrible danger, both physically and morally.

Our first duty perhaps is to the men upon our battleships. They are a fine set of seamen, most of them Scandinavian. I remember hearing a most vivid account of the battle of Santiago from the lips of one poor fellow who was afterwards overtaken by consumption. He told me of the thrill they felt as they lay on the ship's deck, and saw suddenly the Spanish fleet come sweeping out of the harbor, and how, in less than a minute and a half, their Sunday clothes were off, and the first gun was fired. He was buried from my church, and we brought down the American flag to throw over his plain pine coffin. There is courage and daring and true manhood in the sailors of our navy, and well it is for us that there is. But they are like magnificent animals. The care of their moral nature rests upon us. All honor to the noble women, who, like Miss Helen Gould, have interested themselves so specially in the needs of the sailor in the American navy.

It is almost impossible to find to-day an American seaman. The

ships of the Pacific are manned by Chinese; those of the Orient by Mohammedan lascars; those that go to the south by Spaniards and negroes; those of the Atlantic by Scandinavians and Finns. There is plenty of opportunity for foreign missions here. Some may ask, where is the American seaman? Look in the captain's state-room, and you will find him; look in the office of the managing agents of our great mercantile companies; look into the offices of responsibility in all the great shipping trades, and there you will find him. He has gone up. Those great qualities of daring and trustworthiness and sagacity which made him great in days of old to explore and conquer the world are used no longer in furling sails and holding the rudder. They guide great enterprises, and watch for storms on the business horizon. But our duty is none the less great to the men who have taken their place.

The incoming of machinery has brought in a totally new class, who perhaps deserve our care more than any others. Have you looked down through the gratings on some of the great ocean liners, and, far in the blackness below, seen naked forms smeared with coal-dust, lit up in the lurid glow of the red furnace, passing to and fro, so far removed, so deep, as in the bowels of the earth, that they seem like naked souls passing to and fro between the fires of hell? The life of a stoker is said to last but a few years after he enters upon his employment. The heat, the dust, the strain are too much for human strength. What are we doing for these men who serve us?

It is easy to be a shepherd of the sheep. It is not so easy to be a shepherd to the fish of the sea,

who dart from shore to shore, and have the whole boundless ocean in which to hide. In order to watch over and care for the seaman, there must be stations in every port. He must be met by those good influences which are needed to make him strong and true; to enable him to fight against the temptations that assail him. The old influences of home and church must be carried into every port of the world. This, thank God, is being done to-day by the Seaman's Friend Society. No one can begin to estimate the good that is done; the men that are turned from evil course; still better, the men who are kept true to their homes and to what is best within them in the temptations of foreign lands.

Long ago, on the Lake of Galilee, a little ship was tossed by the breakers. The storm screamed overhead and dashed the foam in the faces of the helpless men, from whose hands the oars were shattered. They turned to one who lay asleep, "Carest thou not that we perish?" they cried. He did care. He rebuked the storm, and there was a great calm. These men, three million of them, who live upon the sea, who bring to us comforts and luxuries, who make our lives rich and happy, who defend us from foreign enemies and make our lives safe, these men who are giving up their lives a living sacrifice for us, ask us to-day, "Carest thou not that we perish?"—*Sea Breeze.*

If you need wholesome public opinion as well as your home and your church to keep you fairly decent, what shall the sailor do who has none of these? Let him have the essence of these in the Bible and its teachings.

CAPT. S. S. NICKERSON—THE SAILORS' FRIEND.

[For a year or more chaplain Nickerson has been struggling to do his work in Hanover Street, Boston, heavily handicapped by failing strength. The following article, written by the Rev. Dr. Alex. McKenzie, is, with a few omissions, reprinted, as a true testimonial to the man and his work. This Magazine has frequently applauded his zeal, and gave a sketch of his life in November, 1899. Though formally laid aside by his physician's order, he will bear a hand in the work as often as prudence permits. In his retirement he ought to be cheered by thankfulness for the opportunity he has had and improved for serving seamen. It is difficult to imagine the meetings in Boston without his ringing voice, racy thought and genial address. His brightest honor is that he preached Christ and won souls.—ED.]

The early retirement of Captain Nickerson from his position as chaplain of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society is an event worthy of general notice. . . .

He was a sailor's son, whose life began beside the ocean, and whose nurture was on Cape Cod. At eighteen he was master of a schooner, and at twenty-six was in command of a fine ship. In a seamen's Bethel on the Pacific coast the teaching of his childhood was renewed and confirmed, and he entered on an earnest Christian life. He felt that he could render his best service as a minister to sailors, and in 1876 he was ordained to the work. His life since then has been in Boston, and his early purpose has here been fulfilled. Now, after so long a time, his bodily strength has reached its limit, and his physician forbids his continuance in his work. With rest and carefulness his life may be prolonged through useful and pleasant years, but he must not bear the burdens he has carried.

It is unnecessary to say that it is with disappointment and grief that he takes his hand from the helm and lays down the command. But like a sailor he faces bravely

the weather which he cannot change, and rests in God and waits patiently for Him. In the same spirit the managers of the society consent to release him, though aware of the seriousness of the change.

Captain Nickerson has unusual qualifications for his work; in his knowledge of sailors, his natural interest in them; in the energy of his character, his enterprise and sagacity, and the fertility of his mind; in his courage and faith, his gladness in service, his confidence in the truth which he has taught with a natural eloquence; and in his unswerving dependence on the wisdom and goodness of God. His administration has been marked by a manifold advance. The large building on Hanover Street, in which the society has its home, has been purchased and partly occupied; the Woman's Auxiliary has been formed at his suggestion; the launch, *Seaman's Friend*, has been bought, that vessels in the harbor might be reached; the Harbor Club has been formed, and has taken up its useful work, and the splendid work at Vineyard Haven established.

Under his direction a Congrega-

tional Church was organized in 1888, and he is its first pastor. The diligence and generosity of this church, hidden as it is from the world, and its achievements in proportion to its members, are unsurpassed. The work is finely organized, and the chaplain has been permitted to see this before he gives it into other hands. Whether as missionaries, teachers, singers, friends, those who belong to the chapel are worthy of their

place, and have the confidence of those with whom they serve, and the gratitude of the countless sailors who are blessed by their kind influence. Their name and their work are on many seas, and the chapel is the home of strayers from many lands. . . .

Captain Nickerson will still make his home at Somerville, Mass., and we trust long be among us as a tried and true friend of the sailor.—*The Congregationalist*.

THE FOOD OF FISHES, AND HOW IT IS CAPTURED.

What do fishes eat? "Anything they can catch," is the answer of the unreflecting. But fishermen know better.

There are many thousands of species, and, therefore, many kinds of food; the meat of one species being, as the proverb says, the poison of another.

Fishes, like other living beings, must begin at the bottom. All flesh is grass, literally, for animals which do not eat vegetables themselves are compelled to devour those who do. So the bill of fare in the dining room of the sea begins with seaweed, and then goes on to jelly-fishes, worms, star-fishes, and sea-urchins, whelks, razor-shells, oysters, periwinkles and limpets, the great crab tribe, and, lastly, fishes and their eggs.

In order to discover what part of this long list is selected by any special fish, two things are necessary, namely, a study of the shape and position of the teeth, and an examination of the contents of the stomach.

Few fish-eating beasts and birds are commonly eaten by mankind; the tiger and the eagle being passed by in favor of the ox and the chicken. Even a fish diet is be-

lieved to lend a taint to the flesh of the eater, and gulls and cormorants are not admitted to our feasts. Curiously enough, fishes which feed on their own order are not objected to, and some species which eat their first cousins are very highly esteemed.

Herrings, and their relations, pilchards (or sardines), sprats and anchovies, frequent our shores in countless millions; the pilchard, in particular, coasting Cornwall from north to south and east in winter in almost solid masses of immense extent. How are these mighty armies fed? They do not pause for meals, and they have no teeth by which prey can be secured while on the march. But the sea is full of floating, transparent eggs, and the tiny young of crab-like and other marine animals; and these can be secured by simply opening the mouth and closing it again, leaving the superfluous water to strain out between the gills. Hence herrings and pilchards are truly said to live on "suction."

Flat-fishes resemble each other in shape, but their appetites lead them in different directions. Plaice have strong blunt teeth

which they use to grind up razor-shells, cockles, and clams. Soles, having weak teeth, wisely devote themselves to worms. Dabs way-lay hermit-crabs, swimming-crabs, and sand-hoppers, and put an end to the twinkling of many sand-stars and brittle-stars! and, like soles, snap up stray worms whenever they have an opportunity. Turbot and brill, on the other hand, look with disdain on the lower "orders," and eat nothing but fish; the turbot loving sprats, and the brill the young of the cod tribe, and both being very fond of sand-eels. Five dozen of the last-named fish have been taken out of one turbot less than eighteen inches long.

The cod family furnish some highly-esteemed fishes for our tables; what do they themselves eat? The cod begins with herrings or sprats, when they can be obtained; and then passes on in due course to molluscs, worms, and crabs. Crabs, indeed, are so much appreciated that the cod, when they are plentiful, has not sufficient decision of character to stop eating them. No wonder crabs are dear when a greedy cod will dispose of three dozen at one meal. Almost everybody likes crabs. Haddocks overtake them while swimming, and if they turn hermits, and retire into the empty shells of whelks, ruthlessly pull them out. If the real owners of the shells are at home the haddocks impartially eat them instead. When crabs fail they set themselves to catch the hairy worm known as the sea-mouse. The whiting is often spoken of as the chicken of the sea—its flesh is so delicate, so ethereal! Alas for the value of public repute! The whiting might fitly be called the blacking, for instead of confining itself to an hon-

est diet of herrings and shrimps, it often swallows its own brothers and sisters. A first cousin, the pollack, when young, is content with shell-fish, worms, and crabs, probably because they are easy to catch, but when mature it treats itself to sand eels, sprats and gurnards. When pilchards are in season they are eagerly devoured, and thirteen full-grown ones have been drawn out by the tail through the mouth of a pollack two feet long. The ling, another member of the family, hunts down the agile mackerel, the slow flat-fishes, and gurnards, and the wily cuttle, and occasionally swallows a grown-up lobster. Lastly, the hake, leaving single morsels to be scrambled for by less wise fishes, ensures a plentiful supply of food by hovering on the outskirts of shoals of mackerel, herrings, pilchards, and sprats.

Congers are queer fishes. They resemble spiders—not, of course, in their personal appearance, but in their habits. They are exceedingly voracious when they can obtain food, and can exist for months without eating; the males are dwarfs compared to their stalwart spouses; and, finally, the females often swallow the males. During the last six months of their lives congers neglect the fishes, cuttles, and crabs, of which formerly they were so fond, and retire to their holes to die.

Mackerel, bream, and grey mullet have little in common, but they resemble each other in their love of vegetables, although they are by no means vegetarians. In the spring mackerel seem to feed largely on the green slimy matter which then is found floating on the surface, giving a relish to this insipid diet by judiciously intermingling it with creatures of the sand-hop-

per tribe so abundant in every sea. Later in the year they devote themselves to sprats. Breems are lovers of contrasts, giving their time impartially to such gritty things as brittle-stars, sand-stars, and sea-cucumbers, and to juicy morsels of seaweed. According to common report, that fine fish, the grey mullet, earns its living by filling its mouth with sand and mud, and straining out the nutritious bits contained therein—a somewhat wearisome process, one would suppose. As a matter of fact, the mullet is far too wise to spend all its time in ploughing the sand, and often regales itself with succulent vegetables. If any one doubts this he had better attend some post-mortem examinations on our western coasts, and behold the seaweed extracted.

That namesake of the grey mullet, the surmullet, is a gentleman of quality, as his resplendent vermilion uniform indicates. In spite of his magnificence he is content to dine on shrimps, varied with a shell-fish or a worm.

Red gurnards, which have somewhat the appearance of being poor relations of the red mullet, like

their grey brethren, spend their lives in grovelling on the bottom, where the swimming crabs and shrimps, which are their chief food, are to be found. Occasionally a sand-eel, a sprat, or even a flat-fish, is added to the bill of fare.

Such is the food of fishes in general, and of some well known species in particular. One thing stands out clear from an inspection of the domestic arrangements of these creatures, so valuable for human food, namely, the great debt we owe to the crustacea or crab tribe. Even such monsters as mature lobsters, cray-fishes, and edible crabs are eaten by ling and skates; especially if they are encountered in their soft shells after moulting. But the smaller and softer crustacea, the shrimps and the vast number of creatures allied to the common sand-hoppers, furnish an unending supply to fishes small and great, armed with sharp teeth or with no teeth at all. Whatever the fish may be which appears on our table it is almost certainly served with crustacean sauce.—*Rev. John Isabell, F. E. S., in the Leisure Hour.*

SHIPS "MANNED" BY WOMEN.

The discovery at Bristol the other day that a young woman had been in the habit of shipping from that port as a sailor before the mast caused considerable comment and no little surprise.

Yet at about the same time the Austrian steamer *Zora* arrived at Philadelphia from Alexandretta "manned" by a crew of Turkish women. According to the captain, too, they had proved excellent sailors.

Only a week or two back, again,

the French Minister of Marine issued, quite as a matter of course, to a woman living in a Normandy fishing village, a permit to ship on board a fishing smack as a member of the crew, the said permit being the sixty-third in a series of similar ones signed by that official during the past year.

It is computed that altogether there are some three thousand women earning their living in this fashion along the wild Breton coast. They must, each and every

one of them, obtain official permission, as above indicated, before taking up their hazardous and laborious calling; but this once obtained they rank, as regards wages and work, exactly as do the other members of the crew.

In one respect only, but that a very important one, are they inferior to their male co-toilers. Each holder of a permit receives also a second official document, boldly printed in red ink, which expressly forbids her ever aspiring to the coveted position of skipper of the craft.

In Norway, Sweden and Finland women are frequently shipped as sailors without any demur being made, and do their work excellently; while in Denmark large numbers of women are employed by the State as pilots. They go far out to sea in their tiny boats to meet incoming vessels, and having nimbly climbed on board and shown their official diploma they take charge of the ship in the usual affably overbearing manner affected by pilots the world over, and skilfully steer her into port.

All the girls inhabiting the island of Himla, near Rhodes, are bold and skilful mariners, and are, in addition, excellent divers. They are bound to be, in fact, if they aspire to the dignity of wifehood; for they are not allowed to marry until they have been on at least three voyages and have brought up a specified number of sponges, each taken from a certain depth. The people of the island, it should be explained, all get their living by sponge-fishing.

Santa Barbara, too, boasts of a colony of women mariners, among whom are thirteen sisters, the daughters of one mother. The latter has never been to sea, but for the past thirty-one years she

has kept the lighthouse there; and during all that long period she has climbed the tower and attended to the light herself every night, with the exception of three weeks twenty years ago.

She is now very old and infirm, but she stubbornly refuses to listen to the oft-repeated suggestion that she shall resign her post. "My girls," says the old lady, "follow a hazardous calling. Be it my part to lessen the hazard as far as possible by keeping the beacon-light burning as long as I live."

At Yokohama crews of women are kept by most of the native boarding house masters, in readiness to ship on any tramp coasting steamer that may be in want of hands. They do not go aloft, but for all the other work of a steamship, even that of stoking and trimming, they are said to be excellent.

In their spare time on shore they frequently take on a coaling contract, at which laborious occupation, strange though it may seem, they are rather superior than inferior to men. Indeed, until quite recently, the world's record for coaling an ironclad was held by a gang of Japanese "sea-women," all of whom were of small stature and under twenty-one years of age.

Of course, there are any number of instances on record of women sailing ships into port single-handed when compelled thereto by some unexceptional stress of circumstances. A typical case is that of the brigantine *Moerburg*, cholera-stricken in the autumn of 1877 while on a voyage from China to Australia.

The only one that escaped the pestilence was the captain's wife, and she was handicapped by having a baby in arms to suckle and

attend to. Nevertheless she navigated the vessel into Brisbane, a voyage of some seven weeks' duration, reefing, steering, and gen-

erally performing the work of a full crew, while tenderly nursing the sick during her spare moments. —*Tit-Bits.*

THE AWFUL DEAD SEA AND ITS DREARY REGION.

The Rev. Putnam Cady in *The Biblical World* prints a very interesting article on the Dead Sea and the region round about, which presents in forcible terms the dreariness of the whole country. Strange to say, the Dead Sea is but little known to-day. Tourists spend half an hour on the north shore and then hurry away. Explorers have gone over nearly every square mile of territory east and west of the Jordan, but have spent very little time on these mysterious coasts.

Until our Government sent Lieutenant Lynch out with a party of seamen in 1848, information concerning this body of water was exceedingly meager. Costigan and Molyneaux, after whom Lynch named the points of El Lisan, had tried to solve the mysteries of the sea and had lost their lives in the attempt. Lynch spent twenty-two days on the sea, took soundings and examined the shore line. But many questions were not answered by him and many phenomena still await investigation.

Since Lynch's day no thorough examination of the sea has been attempted. Mr. Cady made an excursion to the eastern shore of the sea in 1898; from his description we select the following: Navigation on the Dead Sea is dangerous. Costigan and Molyneaux found it out to their sorrow; and Lynch, who had sailed many seas as a naval officer, speaks of it with horror. As he emerged from the mouth of the Jordan with his

stanch boats, a storm came up suddenly that threatened to end the expedition then and there. The waves pounded against the bows until the one made of steel plates was bent by the force. It was like a bombardment of waves of lead. Some idea of their weight may be gained from the fact that, while ordinary sea water contains from 4 to 6 per cent. of solid matter, Dead Sea water contains 24 to 26 per cent. Perhaps Lynch's own words may be of interest:

"At times it seemed as if the Dread Almighty frowned upon our efforts to navigate a sea, the creation of His wrath. There is a tradition among the Arabs that no one can venture upon this sea and live. Repeatedly the fates of Costigan and Molyneaux had been cited to deter us. We prepared to spend a dreary night upon the dreariest waste we had ever seen." Later on he says: "The curse of God is surely upon this unhallowed sea." He speaks also of being "in the midst of a profound and awful solitude." The Arabs could not understand why he should visit this place, and said that they had "often heard of the cruelty of Franks to each other, but never thought they would have sent one of their own countrymen to so desolate a place as this."

Mr. Cady relates this incident: On three successive nights at 7.30 o'clock, when no air was stirring, and the sea was perfectly smooth, a great breaker came in from the sea and crashed upon the beach.

After a short interval another wave followed, and then they commenced to come in quick succession until the noise was deafening. We hastily pulled our boat out of their reach, or it would have been dashed into pieces. During this bombardment, which lasted about an hour, not a breath of air stirred. Then the sea became quiet again. When the first breaker came in, on the first night, I was lying asleep on the beach. The noise sounded like a wild beast crashing through the jungle, and I sprang to my feet in alarm. Sir Charles Wilson suggests that the phenom-

enon may be due to a change in atmospheric pressure resulting in disturbances like the *seiches* on Lake Geneva. Mr. Cady says that "the Dead Sea is no respecter of persons, and has served all explorers alike." He adds, "It is as strange and mysterious as ever. Mr. Gray Hill warns against all attempts to venture out upon it unless one has a staunch vessel. I repeat the warning. The sea may appear fair and inviting to the tourist who lingers but a few minutes on the north shore, but, beware!"

SEA AND LIFE.

"There is sorrow on the sea and it cannot be quiet," now lashed into fury, chopped into short, curling waves, then into great, long rolling surges, every one different in form, designed by an Architect who never repeats Himself. Its fury ceases and it lies calm and still, as if God had taken His ocean and hushed it to sleep in His arms, as a mother hushes a turbulent child.

Yes, but where did the rugged rocks get their grandeur and strength? Was it not by the beat of a thousand waves? The sand gets its beauty by the rolling surge; the rounded pebbles by the rub and grind of a hundred storms. Where did the rounded, smooth, even temper, the soft tones, the gentle spirit, and the whole sweet, rounded balance of character come from? It came from days of adversity, through silent night watches, suppressed retorts, constant contact with a jarring world and constant mastery of a turbulent self.

Deep down, full four fathoms,

they say the wildest storm that ever blew leaves the mighty deep in perfect stillness. Gales disturb the surface; the heart of the ocean is perfectly still. The life of our Lord was a life of storms, surprises, disappointments and discouragements, carried into Jerusalem on a wave of popular fancy, as a wave of adversity drove Him out of Galilee, yet His legacy to His disciples was peace: "My peace I give unto you"—just the thing He did not seem to have Himself. "Not as the world gives;" the world gives the peace of stagnation, the peace of the pools which breed malarias and a thousand ills. Jesus gives the peace of the deep that lies under the troubled surface. "The peace of God shall possess" not the surface, but the center of your life, calm and still, when the circle is in toil and trouble, and, like the sea, cannot be quiet.

There's the high water mark strewn with wreckage as the sea threw it up there before it ebbed away and revealed the long stretch-

es of bare, flat shore. A few hours ago it was a long, flat, smooth sea; now it's a long reach of brown sand, fringed with white at the water's edge and black at high water mark. The ebbing tide has left patches of white waters, glistening like silver lakelets; patches of green sea-weed gleam like emeralds set in a sea of brown sand; a stranded wreck bleached by sun and sea; an upturned boat—the nakedness of the beach is revealed.

There was one long flood-tide in Christ's life when crowds crowded to hear and to see Him. He was the popular hero of the day, but the tide of public fancy turned, the long ebb set in that carried Him to Calvary. It did more than that; it revealed what was under the surface; the malice of the Pharisees, meanness of the disciples, the shallowness of the popular conception of the Messiah. What a revelation was the ebb of Christ's popularity!

There is no sight so melancholy as the ships that have lost the tide and must idly swing at anchor, "bound in shallows and miseries," or backing up and down idle and aimless, waiting for the tide. "Time and tide no man bide." The "lady" liner, stub-nosed cargo boat, foam-drenched "tramps," elegant yachts, flats, mud barges, tugs—all kinds and conditions of craft waiting the flood to bear them into their "desired haven."

Thank God there's always a flood-tide in grace! No man need "wait the tide" of God's love; it is always flowing manward. What can alter that tide? Neither death nor life. Yes, but "he who will not at last cannot" launch his boat on the flood-tide that carries him past the rocky headlands into the quiet haven of God's rest.

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

Away beyond there, further than the horizon, there is a shore somewhere; on this side of the sea a shore, on that side a shore. The sunlit, silent sea is bound and held by the shores. We come from the shores of eternity and pass to the shores of eternity. Between the shores we left ten, twenty, thirty, forty, or seventy years. There lies our life, with its calms, storms, head winds, fair winds, joys and sorrows. "Keep me, my God; Thy ocean's so vast and my bark is so small." God alone knows the pathway. "Dare I venture?"

"Alone, alone, all, all alone.
Alone on the wide, wide sea."

Lest we lose ourselves in the sea, lest we fret and worry over the voyage, lest we become derelict dangers on the high seas—

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea.
Chart and compass come from Thee;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me."

When the immigrants group together after the farewells are over, the newness of the sea life worn off and when the fact that they are off to the new life begins to dawn on them, the question of questions amongst them is: "Have you friends on the other side—a husband, wife, brother, sister—some one that will welcome you when you land, who will watch for your face in the crowd that lines the rail, some one who will smile and wave a welcome to the new land?"

It's the question of questions in life—the universal question. Every other question pales into insignificance before it: "Have I a friend on the other shore?"

It will be well if on the other shore, out of the gathering gloom and mist, from the shadowland, there is outstretched a hand and a voice rings out :

“ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.”—*Rev. George M'Pherson Hunter, in The Christian Intelligencer.*

Am I a sea that thou settest a watch over me ? This was a strange question for Job to ask of the Lord. He felt himself to be too insignificant to be so strictly watched and chastened, and he hoped that he was not so unruly as to need to be restrained.

The inquiry was natural for one surrounded with such insupportable miseries, but after all it is capable of a very humbling answer.

It is true man is not the sea, but he is even more troublesome and unruly. The sea, mighty as it is, hears the divine Hitherto and respects the word ; but self-willed man defies Heaven and oppresses earth, neither is there any end to his rebellious rage. . . . He will neither come nor go at the Divine command, but sullenly prefers to do what he should not, and to leave undone that which is required of him. Every drop in the ocean, every beaded bubble, and every yeasty foam-flake, every shell and pebble, feels the power of law, and yields or moves at once. Oh that our nature were but one thousandth part as much conformed to the will of God ! We need far more watching than the billowy sea, and are far more rebellious.

Lord, rule us for Thine own glory.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Italy.

GENOA.

Capt. P. H. Clucas writes on November 1, 1903:

Our interest in seamen is much appreciated. It is pretty much the same day by day, visiting the men on board their ships, as all the men that attend our meetings and reading room belong to the ships in port and have done their hard day's work before they come. The steam launch induces them that lie a long distance to come. We have had well attended services in the summer months, considering the heat. I visit them throughout the day and invite them to the service, but this is all that I can do, as there is no opportunity for much conversation on spiritual matters. We have continued the social meetings

during the summer and have had no break in our routine of work. Our religious services have been well attended, and we have every reason to believe that many have received good. Seamen as a rule listen to the Gospel preached with great attention.

I visited the U. S. cruisers when here on their way to Beyrout. They did not remain long enough to give the men an opportunity to come to the Rest. I meet with seamen belonging to the United States and they seem pleased when I tell them that our mission is a branch of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY; some have said “that is the place for me.” I may say that a large percentage of the sailors and firemen on board the British ships at present are of all nationalities and a large number are Roman Catholics. The consequence is that we have not as many attending as in former

years, but as these men will soon learn the English language they will soon come under the influence of our work, and many that know it fairly well do come.

Visits to ships, 823; meetings at Rest and church, 77; attendance of seamen and others, 3,286; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 36, of others, 9; visits to hospital, 12; sick seamen visited, 12; pledges taken, 7; letters written, posted and delivered, 1,060; tracts, magazines and other papers distributed, 945; parcels of books and papers put on board, 150.

India.

BOMBAY.

Mr. F. E. Havens writes on October 31, 1903:

We have had two meetings weekly as usual, besides a social meeting with tea and cake refreshments every week. The attendance has been good and the meetings have been deeply spiritual. It is a frequent thing to have public expressions from seamen who have decided to live for God. Our average attendance for the last quarter at the meetings alone was 60. The attendance all told for the quarter was 4,800, making an average for each day of about 50. There were 600 letters written in the Rest during the quarter. We have given out large quantities of literature and have enjoyed very much this part of the work. We are expecting a prosperous time the last quarter, as ships are coming in again after the monsoon season.

Chile, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

The Rev. Frank Thompson writes on October 1, 1903:

We are keeping the Gospel before our seamen with all our strength, wisdom and plainness. We meet with nothing but kindness from them and are encouraged to believe that God will honor His word in making it effective to the salvation of many souls.

We had just got settled once more into the regular channels of business, after the disturbances caused by rioting work-

men, when the Bubonic Pest made its appearance in several ports to the north of us, reaching this city also in a very short time, and now traffic and commerce are again impeded by quarantine regulations. We have had no American mail for over four weeks. We post our letters for home but do not know when they will reach their destination, as the mails, we are told, are frequently landed at insignificant ports, the steamers turned back, and there they wait until another boat comes along from a clean port to take them on to Panama.

I have not yet recovered from the effects of a drenching in the bay nearly two years since; am in pain all the time, but forget it in the busy hours, especially when I see others who are far worse off.

Number of ships in port since last statement, 102; religious services held in chapel, 13, on shipboard, 12, in hospital, 8, elsewhere, 14; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 27, of others, 8; religious visits to hospitals, 13, on ships, 156, in boarding houses, 8; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 4, tracts, 540, papers, 368, magazines, 490, books, 37.

Philippine Islands.

MANILA.

The Rev. David O. Lund writes on October 6, 1903:

The work is going on smoothly and growing heavier right along. Since our appeal for tracts and literature in your Magazine and several papers in the homeland, every mail brings us packages of tracts and good reading matter in English and Scandinavian, also inquiries about the work. We thank God for His goodness in graciously raising up friends for the seamen's work of Manila, not only in America, but in Ireland, England and Sweden as well. It is so encouraging to think of the many hearts going out in prayer to God for this needy field, better still to know that Jesus knows the end from the beginning even of the needs of this work, and it is sweet to trust His promises in regard to it.

Since last writing two, I believe, have definitely decided for Christ, and we entertain hopes regarding several others. Several have acknowledged the folly of the sin of drinking; last Sunday even-

ing four expressed their desire to sign the total abstinence pledge without having been urged to do so. We are pleased to report that through an interview with Dr. Stafford of the Civil Hospital we were given the encouraging reply that henceforth all sick, indigent sailors could be sent there instead of to the Spanish hospital as formerly, where the treatment given the sick poor was of the poorest kind.

American services held in chapel, 30, Filipino, 12, Chinese, 12; visits to First Reserve hospital, 4, Civil, 10, Spanish, 15; visits to ships, 15, to Bilibid prison, 6, Benguet Road, 1. Literature, such as tracts, magazines, papers, religious and secular, also Testaments, have been

distributed in generous quantities at the hospitals, Bilibid prison, and on board ships; one large barrel of good reading matter was taken up to the men working on the Benguet Road, a good portion of these are sailors. I took a trip up there last month. A gratifying but hard trip. After leaving the railroad there remains a walk of forty-eight miles to where the men are working. On the way it was necessary to wade several rivers, after which clothing was dried while walking in the blazing sun. Services were held while there, and an invitation to come again.

Please continue to unite with us in believing prayer for a good Home for the seafaring men in this port.

At Ports in the United States.

Massachusetts.

GLOUCESTER.

The Rev. E. H. Roper writes on November 18, 1903:

This is the greatest field for sailor work I have ever seen. Some features of the work will be somewhat difficult to adjust at first. Some changes must be made, and very carefully. Great numbers of men may be reached; and noble, manly fellows these fishermen are. The rooms for social work are altogether too small and few. Much will need to be done along social lines to win the men from the places that degrade, and give them in place moral, legitimate entertainment. Everything I shall do for the men will be done with the hope of finally winning the men to Christ. There will be a great deal of work here, especially to get the work thoroughly systematized. If it were not that my wife is such a valuable worker I could scarcely do it. I shall report as you ask and will endeavor to make my reports as lucid as possible. I shall welcome any suggestions on that line at any time.

ceptions, has gone out, but there is a goodly number left upon the Receiving ship *Hancock*. The men were nearly all ashore on Thanksgiving Day, many going home for their Thanksgiving dinner, as they will be far away at Christmas time. Those who remained aboard had a good turkey dinner.

The meetings in the Library Hall continue to be of interest and well attended, with evidence of the Spirit's work upon the hearts and lives of the men. A gentleman remarked to me the other day, "What a grind your life must be; don't you get tired of it?" "Yes, my body but not my spirit." I am more in love with my work and men than ever before. No grind to one who knows the power of God unto salvation and can speak by authority that Jesus saves. My experience is that nothing can take the place of the old Gospel, "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Letters.

"I have just been sent to the hospital and expect to undergo a surgical operation soon. I trust you will remember me in your prayers. If I was only in Brooklyn I know you would come and see me; however, if you have time, write."

"Your letter of good cheer came yesterday just in time to scatter a little sunshine. I thank you—it does me good to know you have an interest in me still. I am sure I do not deserve it. God knows I have tried, if I have failed so often."

New York.

NAVY YARD.

Mr. H. G. Fithian writes on December 1, 1903:

The entire fleet, with one or two ex-

"We have been in the Yard here for some time. I wish you could see us when we leave this dock. We are best looking little ship on this station. Last week the chaplain stationed here in the Yard was taken to the hospital and will not be able to speak to us for at least a month, and we feel it, I tell you. Ever since I came alongside the dock I have been to meetings every Sunday and Wednesday evening and am much stronger; was just what I needed."

"I don't object going to sea, but I do wish we could have religious services; I feel the need of them."

"Two years have passed since I saw you, but I still miss the meetings we used to have in the Library and wish I might come back again some time. I remember you always prayed for the boys, especially those who were in the meetings and had asked prayers. I have been comforted because I knew I was included even though you had forgotten my name and face. I attend divine service whenever I get a chance, read my Bible and find comfort and strength in doing so."

"The coming Christmas will be my first away from home. I am getting almost homesick already. They all write me such good helpful letters; the one from my pastor was especially helpful and came just at the right time. I have two passages that help me so much. Ps. xxvii: 1, and Rom. viii: 28. Remember me in prayer and all the boys on this ship."

Alabama.

MOBILE.

The Rev. R. A. Mickle writes on November 3, 1903:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 18, all others, 49; religious services held in chapel, 9, in hospital, 12; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 10; visits to hospital, 4, on ships, 137, to boarding houses, 33; gave 1 Russian Bible to a Russo-Finn seaman, distributed 14 Testaments, 2 prayer books, 1 hymnal, many English, Norwegian and Spanish tracts, and very many many magazines, leaflets and papers.

The monthly entertainment was omit-

ted on account of unfinished inside work on the Bethel. One poor sailor in trouble and in prison was kindly remembered by a gentleman who himself took tobacco and pipes to him. The chaplain carried him magazines. Mr. Powers donated to the reading room one ream of note paper. Mrs. C. L. Bates, from Forest River, N. Dakota, sent *Christian Herald*s. Lovely flowers were for the fourth time brought by a lady for the Bethel. Mr. Gus. Seiple again donated a new key for the front door in place of the one broken by the janitor. The Young Men's Hebrew Association sent a large lot of fine magazines, and numerous friends contributed literature.

It gives the chaplain much pleasure to report, as it will your Society to hear, of the result of a trial in Pensacola, when two crimps were found guilty of conspiring to violate the law. They obtained money from seamen by promising them a job at good wages. These nine men were taken from Mobile by the notorious crimps, Jackson and Hutchinson, to Pensacola and shipped on the Russian bark *St. Julien*. The poor fellows testified to the cruelties practiced on them by the sailor runners in compelling them to sign blank slips of paper, which were afterwards filled out as orders for \$40 on the captain. The case showed shanghaiing in its plainest form. The extreme penalty in the case is two years and a fine of \$10,000. Major A. J. You, the active immigrant inspector at this station, with zealous haste followed Jackson and Hutchinson and arrived barely in time to lay the facts before Special Deputy Allen, who at once authorized the major to make use of the customs service to the extent necessary. He arrived in the nick of time to spring on board the bark, and in the name of the United States ordered all preparations for departure stopped at once; then called on the captain to relate the facts regarding these new men. He found that the men were engaged to make a trip to Buenos Ayres, thence to New York, and thence back to Pensacola. They were to receive \$20 per month and the crimps agreed to furnish them with the necessary clothing and bedding. The men signed blank orders, on which, filled out, the crimps secured \$40 from the captain of the Russian bark *St. Julien*, he intending to deduct the amount from the pay of the men; the bark was to sail to Scotland and there it was to be tied up for months for repairs and recharter.

The captain owned that he had advanced to Jackson and Hutchinson nearly \$400 on the men's account. The conviction of these criminals concerned in this iniquitous proceeding is indeed something to be jubilant over, as it may be the beginning of the end of this nefarious practice which has prevailed for years on the gulf coast. The above is a condensed statement of the affair as reported by the Pensacola correspondent of the *Mobile Register*, October 30.

Also on December 2:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 19, all others, 57; religious services held in chapel, 9, in hospital, 15; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 21, of others, 4; religious visits to hospital, 5, to ships, 131, to boarding houses, 34; distributed 20 Testaments, 1 prayer book, many magazines, and Norwegian, German and English tracts and leaflets.

Many citizens contributed magazines and books. A gentleman sends a German newspaper regularly. The Mobile Bible Society donated seven Testaments. Mr. Damrich gave a pair of new shoes from his store to a needy seaman, and Mr. Britton, another prominent shoe dealer, gave the sexton of the Bethel a pair of new shoes. Mr. Walter Mitchell gave the latter a blanket. Mrs. Labuzan presented a beautiful colored picture, neatly framed, "Christ before Pilate." As usual this same lady sent flowers for the vases. Mr. Monk contributed one dollar towards the Thanksgiving supper, and an unknown lady friend gave for the same fifty cents. The Thanksgiving festival was a grand success both in the profusion provided and the large crowd of homeless toilers of the deep, who with keen appetite did full justice to the good things with which the tables were laden. All the "tars" present expressed hearty thanks to the ladies of the Auxiliary, who, with the generous aid of friends, were enabled to spread such an elegant repast. Mr. Gaillard, with his accustomed generosity, donated a half ton of coal, which has kept the reading room so comfortable for the many sailors who come to read and write letters. Food has been given to the hungry and several seamen permitted to sleep in the Bethel at night. The editor of *The Whistler* sends his paper gratuitously, and several times the Mobile agent for the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* has left this fine

paper for the reading room. The new ceiling for the chapel is at last finished, and most handsomely. Soon the side walls will be kalsomined in a delicate tint and the entire interior and exterior will be painted and ready for the Christmas entertainment.

Oregon.

PORTLAND.

Mr. W. S. Fletcher writes on November 8, 1903:

The fourth anniversary of the opening of the present Institute was celebrated on September 29. Early in the evening Bishop Morris dedicated a beautiful memorial to Mrs. Kerry and the seamen of the *Foyledale*, who were drowned at Valparaiso a few months ago. The chapel of the Institute was crowded with seamen and interested people from all parts of the city. Bishop Morris conducted the services and the Rev. J. E. Simpson spoke of his previous acquaintance with those who had perished, and testified to their noble Christian faith. Later on the annual meeting was held in the lower hall which was filled with people. An elaborate musical programme was given by the officers of the *S. S. Yeddo*, and addresses were delivered by the British Consul, Mayor Williams, Dr. A. A. Morrison and others.

The last month has been a busy one and the meetings have been well attended. In addition to the usual services, German song services and French lantern lectures will be given during the winter, and it is hoped that many foreign seamen will benefit by our ministrations. I continue to distribute my book "At Sea and in Port," and am thankful to find that many seamen have read it with profit. The mate of a ship recently told me that he had read it two years ago and had been a changed man ever since. The cook of another ship spoke of the deep impression that the record of my conversion had made upon him. Assuredly "I thank Him that enabled me, even Christ Jesus our Lord, for that He counted me faithful, appointing me to His service; though I was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious; however, I obtained mercy because I did it ignorantly in unbelief."

Number of religious services held in chapel, 51, on shipboard, 4; total attend-

ance of seamen at religious services, 897; religious visits made to hospitals, 11, on ships, 232; tracts distributed, 500, religious papers, 180, magazines, 297, "At Sea and in Port," 5.

Washington.

SEATTLE.

The Rev. G. F. West writes on November 30, 1903:

I am pushing the Institute project, but cannot begin the foundation until January 1. I am busy getting material together. Port Blakely Mill Company will donate 83,000 feet of lumber; other mills will follow with smaller donations.

The Stars and Planets for January, 1904.

According to the *American Ephemeris* and the *Nautical Almanac* "in the year 1904 there will be two eclipses, both of the sun." The first occurs on March 16. On that date the moon as it passes between us and the sun is unable to cause a total eclipse. For a few moments, therefore, the sun, being apparently larger than the moon, appears as a bright ring of light. Such an eclipse is called annular. This particular annular eclipse is visible only in East Africa, Siam and the Philippines. On September 9 the sun is totally eclipsed. But in order to be darkened by the shadow as it sweeps across the earth an observer must be either in Chile or on one of the three islands in the Pacific Ocean named Namu, Aurh, and Palmyra.

On January 2 at about half past one in the afternoon the earth will be nearer to the sun than at any other time during the year. Mercury is at greatest elongation east at 1 a. m. on New Year's Day. For a few days in the neighborhood of January 1 it can be seen in the west just after sunset. One hour before

sunrise on the 15th Venus is S. E. by S., at an altitude of about 15°. It is about 5° to the left of the bright star Antares. One hour after sunset Jupiter is S. W., at an altitude of 35°. It is also just south of the Square of Pegasus. Mars and Saturn are too near the sun to be seen to advantage.

Princeton University.

W. M. REED.

Receipts for November, 1903.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Medford, Mystic Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, to refit loan library No. 8,533, received per Miss E. I. Wilcox.....	\$ 14 00
Newburyport, Newburyport Bethel Society, to constitute Mrs. Abbie L. Bray, a Life Member.....	30 00
Newton Centre, H. S. Cousens, for Bibles.....	2 00
Pittsfield, South Congregational Ch.	14 71

CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield, Fairfield Congregational Church, of which Sunday School, \$20, for a loan library, and Mrs. M. W. Lyon, \$20, for a loan library as a memorial to Martha A. Dunn.....	102 86
Farmington, Congregational Church Sunday School, for a loan library as a memorial to its late superintendent, Paul Wollenberg.....	20 00
Plantville, Congregational Church..	3 17
Stamford, First Presbyterian Ch....	15 00

NEW YORK.

Bay Ridge, Sunday School of Christ Church, to refit loan library No. 9,881.....	15 00
Bridge Hampton, Presbyterian Ch., of which for a loan library, \$20..	28 11
Mount Vernon, First Congregational Church Sunday School.....	3 91
New York City, The Havens Relief Fund Society, donation to be distributed in affording relief to shipwrecked and destitute seamen, received per Jas. A. Whitlock, secretary of executive committee.....	500 00
Miss Ellen Gray.....	50 00
Mrs. J. Hooker Hamersley.....	40 00
Income from Anonymous Endowment, for loan libraries.....	40 00
Collections from steamers of the International Mercantile Marine Co., received per H. G. Philips, cashier.....	39 65
Capt. Crabtree, master of schooner <i>John Maxwell</i> , for loan library work.....	2 00

NEW JERSEY.

Jersey City, Bergen Reformed Ch...	21 38
	\$941 79

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		Tonnage		Tonnage
FINLAND,	- Twin Screw,	- 12,760	FRIESLAND,	- - - - 6,4
KROONLAND,	- " "	- 12,760	WESTERNLAND,	- - - - 5,70
VADERLAND,	- " "	- 12,736	NOORDLAND,	- - - - 5,1
ZEELAND,	- " "	- 11,905	BELGENLAND,	- - - - 3,8
MERION,	- " "	- 11,635	RHYNLAND,	- - - - 3,8
HAVERFORD,	- " "	- 11,635	PENNLAND,	- - - - 3,8
ST. LOUIS,	- " "	- 11,629	OHIO,	- - - - 3,3
ST. PAUL,	- " "	- 11,629	PENNSYLVANIA,	- - - - 3,1
NEW YORK,	- " "	- 10,874	INDIANA,	- - - - 3,1
PHILADELPHIA,	- " "	- 10,433	NEDERLAND,	- - - - 2,6
KENSINGTON,	- " "	- 8,669	SWITZERLAND,	- - - - 2,6
SOUTHWARK,	- " "	- 8,607	CONEMAUGH,	- - - - 2,3

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20,904 tons.

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5,065 tons.

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or Piers 48 and 49, N. R.**

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES

SHIPPED IN SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1903.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1, 1903, was 11,018; and the reshipments of same for the same period were 13,274; the total shipments aggregating 24,292. The number of volumes in these libraries was 595,322, and they were accessible, by shipment and reshipment, to 425,498 men. Ten hundred and seventy-three libraries, with 39,209 volumes, were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 128,113 men. One hundred and sixty-one libraries were placed in one hundred and sixty-one Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 6,293 volumes, accessible to thirteen hundred and fifteen Keepers and Surfmén.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

During September, 1903, thirty loan libraries were sent to sea. Of these six were new and twenty-four were old ones refitted and reshipped, just as good as new. The new libraries were Nos. 11,055-11,060, inclusive. Assignments of these libraries have been made as follows:

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
11055..Income from Anonymous Library Endowment Fund, of New York City.....		Bark Arrow.....	Hong Kong.....	35
11056..Farmington Congregational Sunday School of Farmington, Conn.....		" Rose Innes.....	Charleston, &c....	14
11057..Presbyterian Church of Bridge Hampton, N. Y.....		Ship Aryan.....	Honolulu.....	26
11058..Mrs. Anna B. M. Craig, of Washington, D. C., <i>in memoriam</i> David W. and Jane O. Mahon.....		" Chas. S. Whitney..	Cape Town.....	23
11059..Congregational Church Sunday School of Fairfield, Conn.....		Bark Low Wood.....	Rosario, &c.....	20

Libraries previously issued were assigned as follows:

11047..Sunday School of First Presbyterian Church of Peekskill, N. Y.....	Bark Foohng Suey.....	Honolulu.....	15
11048..Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Chautauqua County, N. Y., to be called the Mrs. Flora Hall Sterling Library.....	Ship Troop.....	China.....	25
11049..Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Ulster County, N. Y., to be named the Mrs. Georgie Gause Library.	" A. G. Ropes.....	Japan.....	26

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
11050.	Miss M. I. Lockwood, of New London, Conn.....	Ship J. D. Everett.....	Sydney.....	25
11052.	Mrs. J. L. Roberts, of Brooklyn, N. Y.	Bark Arlington.....	Cuba.....	12
11053.	Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church Sunday School of Newark, N. J.....	" Malwa.....	Yarmouth & South America.....	12
11054.	Income from Anonymous Library Endowment Fund, of New York City....	Ship W. F. Babcock....	Japan.....	26

The twenty-four libraries reshipped were:

9,971	10,353	10,570	10,791	10,855	10,945
10,122	10,408	10,582	10,807	10,881	10,946
10,170	10,442	10,664	10,829	10,911	10,963
10,337	10,465	10,681	10,840	10,936	10,979

OCTOBER, 1903.

During October, 1903, thirty-four loan libraries were sent to sea. Of these ten were new and twenty-four were old ones refitted and reshipped, just as good as new. The new libraries were Nos. 11,061-11,070, inclusive. Assignments of these libraries have been made as follows:

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
11070.	Mrs. M. W. Lyon, of Fairfield, Conn., as Martha A. Dunn Memorial Library..	Bark Eclipse.....	China.....	35

The twenty-four libraries reshipped were:

9,388	10,158	10,376	10,723	10,849
10,015	10,205	10,494	10,737	10,853
10,033	10,265	10,574	10,777	10,909
10,055	10,307	10,575	10,827	10,989
10,150	10,352	10,699	10,828	

NOVEMBER, 1903.

During November, 1903, twenty-nine loan libraries were sent to sea. Of these nine were new and twenty were old ones refitted and reshipped, just as good as new. The new libraries were Nos. 11,071-11,079, inclusive.

The twenty libraries reshipped were:

8,155	9,884	10,398	10,755	10,789
8,533	9,917	10,562	10,766	10,861
9,831	10,148	10,692	10,776	10,981
9,834	10,330	10,705	10,786	11,001

SUMMARY.

New libraries issued in September,	6	Libraries reshipped in September,	24
" " October,	10	" " October,	24
" " November,	9	" " November,	20
	—		—
	25		68

SAILORS' MAGAZINE CALENDAR.

1904

JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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31

FEBRUARY

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FRANKLIN CO. CAL.

AMERICAN

SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY

76 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED MAY, 1828.

INCORPORATED APRIL, 1833.

President :

CHARLES A. STODDARD, D. D.

Secretary :

W. C. STITT, D. D.

Treasurer :

W. HALL ROPES.

—:O:—

In the year 1903, the Society aided Chaplains, Missionaries, Colporteurs, and Bible Readers, (in all, 39) in thirty-four foreign and domestic seaports.

Since the year 1858-9 (to Dec. 1, 1903) it has sent out 11,079 new Loan Libraries (597,772 volumes), accessible by original shipment and re-shipment to 428,009 seamen.

\$20 sends a Library to sea in the name of the Donor.

Let sea captains give orders where to deliver a library.

The SAILORS' MAGAZINE (76th volume) is published monthly at \$1.00 per annum.

The LIFE BOAT, 50 copies monthly for one year, free, to Sunday Schools giving \$20 for a Library.

The Society has always aimed to give the Gospel of Christ to the seamen of the naval and mercantile marine, and in every way to befriend the sailor.

Contributions may be sent to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and a Form of Bequest, for testamentary aid of its work, will be sent to any applicant for the same.

1904

JULY

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DECEMBER

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FRANKLIN CO. CAL.

LIST OF MISSIONARIES AIDED BY THE SOCIETY.

Sweden: Helsingborg.....	K. I. Berg.
Stockholm.....	J. T. Hedstrom.
Gottenburg.....	Christian Nielsen.
Denmark: Copenhagen.....	Rev. A. Wollesen.
Germany: Hamburg.....	British and American Sailors' Institute, George Speedie.
Belgium: Antwerp.....	Antwerp Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. J. Adams.
Italy: Genoa.....	Genoa Harbor Mission, Rev. Donald Miller, D.D.
Naples.....	Naples Harbor Mission, Rev. T. Johnstone Irving.
India: Bombay.....	Seamen's Rest, Mr. F. E. Havens, Superintendent.
Karachi.....	Rev. T. E. F. Morton.
Japan: Yokohama.....	Rev. W. T. Austen.
Brazil: Rio de Janeiro.....	Seamen's Mission.
Chile: Valparaiso.....	Rev. Frank Thompson.
Argentine Republic: Buenos Ayres.....	Buenos Ayres Sailors' Home, Henry F. Fellows.
Rosario.....	Rosario Sailors' Home and Mission, E. Hallberg.
Uruguay: Montevideo.....	Montevideo Harbor Mission, Rev. G. P. Howard.
Chile: Funchal.....	Mission to Sailors and Sailors' Rest, Rev. W. G. Smart.
Manila, P. I.....	Manila Sailors' Home, Rev. David O. Lund, Superintendent.
Massachusetts: Gloucester.....	Gloucester Fishermen's Institute, Rev. E. H. Roper.
New York: Brooklyn U. S. Navy Yard.....	H. G. Fithian.
Virginia: Norfolk.....	Norfolk Port Society, Rev. J. B. Merritt.
Newport News.....	Virginia Mariners' Friend Society, Rev. R. E. Steele.
North Carolina: Wilmington.....	Wilmington Port Society.
South Carolina: Charleston.....	Charleston Port Society, Rev. P. A. Murray.
Florida: Pensacola.....	Pensacola Port Society, Rev. Henry C. Cushman.
Georgia: Savannah.....	Savannah Port Society, H. Iverson.
Labama: Mobile.....	Mobile Port Society, Rev. R. A. Mickle.
Texas: Galveston.....	Galveston Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. J. F. Sarnier.
Louisiana: New Orleans.....	New Orleans Port Society, James Sherrard.
regon: Portland.....	W. S. Fletcher.
Astoria.....	Rev. J. McCormac.
Washington: Tacoma.....	Tacoma Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. R. S. Stubbs.
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oston, Mass., N. Sq. Mariners' House..	Boston Seamen's Aid Society.....	Capt. J. P. Hatch.
Phineas Stowe Seamen's Home.....	Ladies' Bethel Soc'y, 8 N. Bennett St.	George C. Smith.
East Boston, 120 Marginal St.....	Episcopal City Mission.....	
ew Bedford, Mass., 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Branch N. B. P. S.....	E. Williams.
rovidence, R. I., 385 South Main St.....		Capt. Daniel Cook, Supt.
ew York, N. Y., 52 Market St.....	Epis. Missionary Society for Seamen.	
Brooklyn, N. Y., 172 Carroll St.....	Scandinavian Sailors' Home.....	Capt. C. Ullenars, Supt.
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Wilmington, N. C., Front and Dock Sts.....	Wilmington Port Society.....	Mr. Christofferson.
Charleston, S. C., 44 Market St.....	Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society.....	Rev. P. A. Murray.
Mobile, Ala.....	Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society.....	
ew Orleans, La.....	New Orleans Seamen's Friend Soc'y.	
ew Haven, Conn.....	Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society.....	Rev. J. O. Bergh, Supt.

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Location.	Aided by	Missionaries.
Portland, Me., Fort St., n. Custom House.	Portland Seamen's Friend Society..	Rev. F. Southworth.
oston, Mass., 332 Hanover St.....	Boston Baptist Bethel Society.....	" H. Edgar Brady.
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Charlestown, 46 Water St.....	Episcopal City Mission.....	Mr. S. H. King.
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120 Marginal St.....	Episcopal City Mission.....	" A. Ketchum, D.D.
oucester, Mass., 6 Duncan St.....	Gloucester Fishermen's Institute..	" E. H. Roper.
ew York Haven.....	Boston Seamen's Friend Society....	Mr. Madison Edwards.
ew Bedford, Mass.....	New Bedford Port Society.....	Rev. E. Williams.
ew Haven Conn., Bethel, 61 Water St	Woman's Seamen's Friend Society..	" John O. Bergh.
ew York N. Y., Catharine, c. Madison.	New York Port Society.....	" Samuel Boulf.
128 Charlton St.....	" " Westside Branch.	Mr. John McCormack and W. Aubrey Vail.
34 Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Missionary Society.....	Rev. A. R. Mansfield.
399 West Street, N. R.....	The Seamen's Christian Ass'n.....	" Stafford Wright.
341 West Street, N. R.....	Episcopal Missionary Society.....	" W. A. A. Gardner.
21 Centuries Slip.....		" R. F. Duffield.
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Scand., William St. near Richard..	Norwegian Luth. Seamen's Mission.	" Jakob Bo.
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Front Street, above Navy Yard.....	Baptist.....	
Washington Ave. and 3rd Street.....	Methodist.....	" W. Downey.
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Baltimore, Md., Aliceanna & Bethel Sts.	Seamen's Union Bethel Society.....	" G. W. Heyde.
813-815 South Broadway.....	Port Mission.....	Mr. B. W. Jenkins, Sec. Capt. James Nutchey.
Wilmington, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society.....	
Charleston, S. C., 44 & 46 Market St.....	Charleston Port Society.....	" P. A. Murray.
Savannah, Ga.....	American Seamen's Friend Society.	" H. Iverson.
Mobile, Ala., Church St., near Water..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" R. A. Mickle.
ew Orleans, La., Fulton & Jackson Sts.	Presbyterian.....	Mr. James Sherrard.
San Francisco, Cal.....	San Francisco Port Society.....	Rev. J. Rowell.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

76 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY 1828.—INCORPORATED, APRIL 1833.

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49 W. 75th Street, New York.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE II, (of Constitution).—The object of this Society shall be to improve the social and moral condition of seamen, by uniting the efforts of the wise and good in their behalf; by promoting in every port Boarding Houses of good character, Savings' Banks, Register offices, Libraries, Museums, Reading Rooms, and Schools; and also the ministrations of the gospel, and other religious blessings.

CHAPLAINS.—See preceding page for list of missions and missionaries of this Society.

LOAN LIBRARIES.—On American vessels leaving the port of New York loan libraries are placed for the use of the officers and crews. Each library costs \$20 to the donor, contains 43 well selected books, and is returned and sent out again as long as it lasts. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and the effort is made to secure for the donor a report of its usefulness. These libraries build up the mental, moral and religious life of seamen, and are often the means of their conversion. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society up to December 1, 1903, was 11,079. Calculating 13,421 reshipments, their 597,772 volumes have been accessible to 428,009 men. Sunday Schools and Church Societies (Y. P. S. C. E. &c.) as well as individuals send these libraries to sea.

A list of the Society's periodicals will be found on the second page of the cover of this Magazine.